

READINGS

Reading 1

'Meditation on the upbringing of children by Dorothy Lowe Nolte'

If children live with criticism,
They learn to condemn;
If children live with hostility,
They learn how to fight;
If children live with ridicule,
They learn to be shy;
If children live with shame,
They learn to feel guilty;
If children live with tolerance,
They learn to be patient;
If children live with encouragement,
They learn to have confidence;
If children live with praise,
They learn to appreciate;
If children live with fairness,
They learn justice;
If children live with security,
They learn to have faith;
If children live with approval,
They learn to like themselves;
If children live with love around them,
They learn to give love to the world.

Reading 2

'A Celtic Blessing'

May the strength of the wind and the light of the sun,
The softness of the rain and the mystery of the moon
Reach you and fill you.

May beauty delight you and happiness uplift you,

May wonder fulfil you and love surround you.

May your step be steady and your arm be strong.

May your heart be peaceful and your word be true.

May you seek to learn, may you learn to live,

May you live to love, and may you love- always.

Reading 3

Love is not looking at one another and saying 'you're wonderful'
There are times when we are anything but wonderful.

Love is looking out in the same direction.

It is linking our strengths to pull a common load.

It is pushing together towards the far horizons hand in hand.

Love is knowing when our strength falters, we can borrow the
strength of someone who cares.

Love is a strange awareness that our sorrows will be shared
and made lighter by sharing;

That joys will be enriched and multiplied by the joy of another.
Love is knowing someone else cares that we are not alone in
life.

Reading 4

The more you laugh, the less you fret.

The more you do unselfishly,

The more you live abundantly.

The more of everything you share,

The more you'll always have to spare.

The more you love, the more you'll find

That life is good and friends are kind.

For only that we give away

Enriches us from day to day.

Together for always.

Reading 5

Just -- short months ago,
I made my big debut.

So now I'd like to celebrate,
My 1st birthday with you.

My little hands play patty-cake,
They peek -a -boo and wave.

They catch me while I learn to walk,
And splash me as I bathe.

They hold your fingers tightly,
And touch your heart so deep.

My little hands reach out to you,
For hugs before I sleep.

My little hands are tiny now,
But yours will serve to guide me.

And when I'm grown I'll still reach out,
And know you're right beside me.

Reading 6

We loved you from the very start,
You stole our breath, embraced our hearts.

Our life has just begun,
You're part of us my little one.

As mother with child each day you grew,
Our minds were filled with thoughts of you.

We'd dream of the things we'd like to share,
Like late night bottles and Teddy Bears.

Like first steps and skinned knees,
Like bedtime stories and ABC'S.

We thought of things you'd want to know,
Like how birds fly and flowers grow.

We thought of lessons we'd need to share,
Like standing tall and playing fair.

When we first saw your precious face,
We knew your life would be touched with grace.

We thanked the angels from above,
And promised you un-ending love.

Each night we lay you down to sleep,
We gently kiss your head and cheek.

We count your little fingers and toes,
We memorize your eyes and nose.

We linger at the nursery door,
Each day we realise we love you more.

Through misty eyes, we dim the light,
And whisper, "we love you" every night.

We loved you from the very start,
You stole our breath, embraced our hearts.

Reading 7

Desiderata (By Max Ehrmann).

Go placidly amid the noise and haste,
And remember what peace there may be in silence.
As far as possible without surrender,
Be on good terms with all persons.
Speak your truth quietly and clearly:
And listen to others,
Even the dull and ignorant:
They too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons,
They are vexations to the spirit.
If you compare yourself with others,
You may become vain and bitter:
For always there will be greater and lesser persons than
yourself.
Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

Keep interested in your own career, however humble:
It is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.
Exercise caution in business affairs:
For the world is full of trickery.
But let this not blind you to what virtue there is:
Many persons strive for high ideals:
And everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself.
Especially, do not feign affection.
Neither be cynical about love:
For in the face of all aridity and disenchantment,
It is as perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years,
Gracefully surrendering the things of youth.
Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune.
But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings.
Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.
Beyond a wholesome discipline,
Be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe,
No less than the trees and the stars.
You have a right to be here.
And whether or not it is clear to you,
No doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God,
Whatever you conceive him to be.
And whatever your labours and aspirations,
In the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul.

With all its sham and drudgery, and broken dreams,
It is a beautiful world.
Be cheerful.
Strive to be happy.

Reading 8

'Night night mummy; see you later'

At seven o'clock every evening my mum tucks me up in my bed.
I'm nice and snug in my 'jamas, beside me my faithful old ted.

I always nod off very quickly - before mum has turned out the light, but when it's her bedtime much later, well then I wake up for the night.

For there's no time of day I like better, than the hours
between midnight and three.
For mum hasn't got any housework and can give her attention to me.

And when I start yelling and shouting, mum knows that she has to be quick, For the night that she leaves me to grizzle, is the night I decide to be sick.

But mum can't mind in the slightest at being my playmate 'till two-
She'd normally spend this time sleeping, for she's nothing much better to do.

Some nights she mixes a cocktail from the bottles she keeps on the shelf,
Which sometimes she gives me to swallow - and sometimes she gulps down herself!

And if in the morning I'm sleepy and feel in need of a perk,
I can have forty winks in my pushchair while mummy gets on with her work.

But nothing's as nice as the nighttime. And nothing can equal
the pleasure Of finding it's four in the morning and being mum's
wide-awake treasure.

*(You may choose to write a few words of your own for a reading to mark the occasion
as an individual event. Maybe the reason that you chose the name or a special
meaning the name has to you or your family).*